

carts, the struggling forms of men and the plodding women, is, perhaps, one of the strangest in the history of warfare.

I am sending a photograph of Alexander, a Montenegrin soldier, whose mother and sweetheart, clinging together like Ruth and Naomi, went out onto the battlefield and found him lying with his side torn open and his scalp torn partly away.

There were no ambulances, nor Red Cross nurses. The two women carried him, not with tears, but proudly, back to Podgoritz.

This photograph was taken by Capt. E. de Kriglestein, an Austrian military attache. It shows the women and Alexander at the end of their terrible journey. His face is twisted in pain, but on their faces are expressions of satisfaction and pride, more than sorrow.

More clearly than in any other war in recent history you can see in this war the fact that a nation's fighting ability depends on the kind of men its women produce.

For the last half a century and more these Montenegrins have been talking, planning and hoping for a war with Turkey. Women who were girls 50 years ago were trained to believe that the sons who were born to them would some day tear the hated Turks into bits. When their sons were really born they passed this belief to them. To kill one Turk, to kill a score or a hundred Turks has long been the dream of every Montenegrin youth and man.

"Is there any good hunting

here?" an English sportsman asked a small band of Montenegrin boys in the mountains.

"It depends," they answered, "on what you want to hunt. There are few deer, but we have had pretty good luck lately with Turks."

## RESIDENCE IMMATERIAL

By Berton Braley.

"Love in a cottage" is pleasant enough,

Love in a palace is joy.

So long as the love is not merely a bluff

And is free of all grosser alloy;

"Love in a cottage" or love in a flat,

Love with plebeians or swells,  
It isn't the place where you hang up your hat,

But the fast of your LOVE  
that tells!

Love in a tenement, love in a hut,  
Love in a palace or cave,  
It isn't the kind of a figure you cut

And it isn't the money you save;

Love that is real will surely endure

Wherever, however it dwells.

It isn't the fact that you're wealthy or poor,

But the fact of your LOVE  
that tells!

"Algy, did you peel the apple that I gave you before you ate it, as I told you to?" "Yes, mother."

"That's a good boy. What did you do with the peel?" "I ate it."